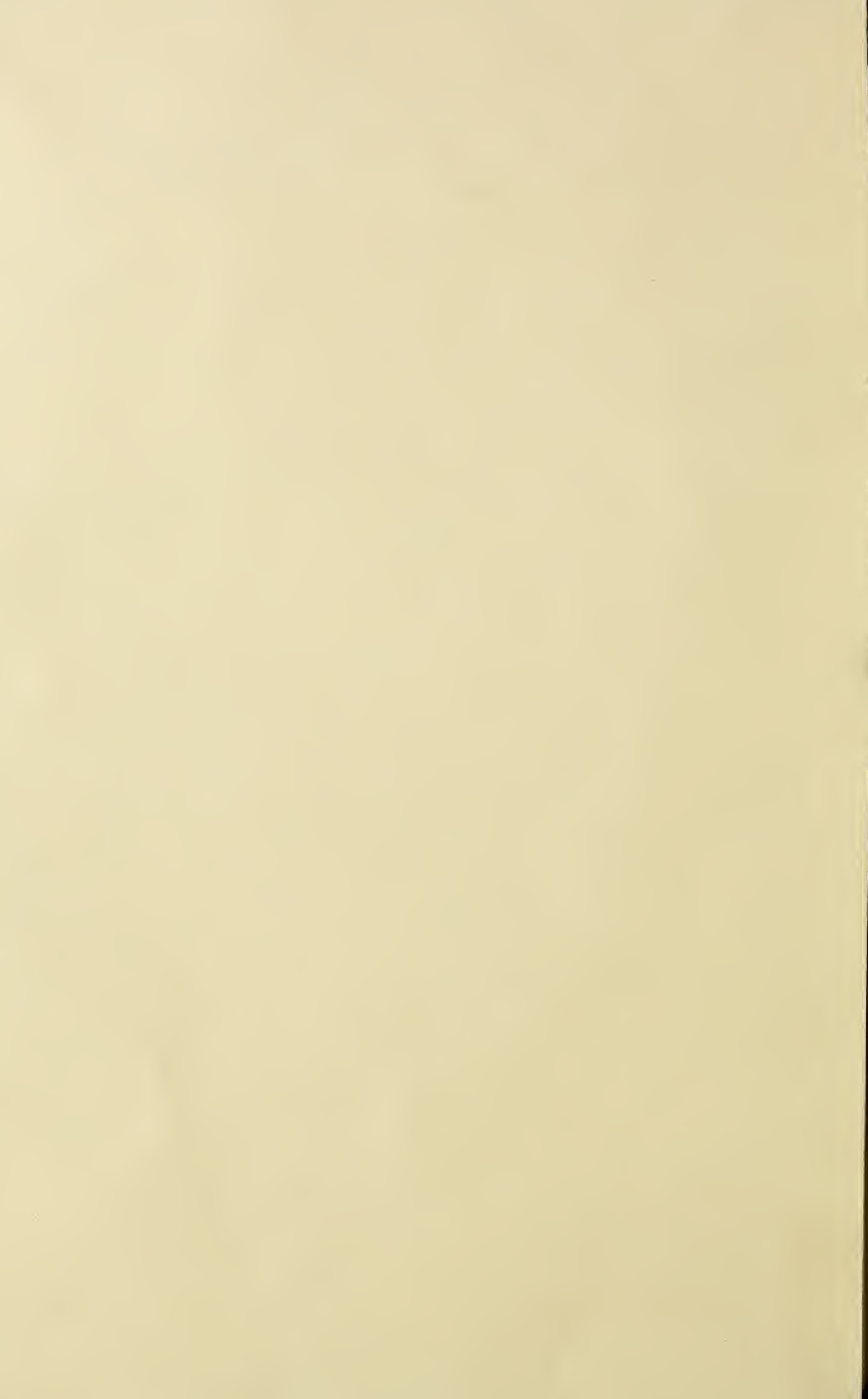


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Agriculture, Horticulture, Live Stock and Rural Economy,

THE OLDEST AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL IN MARYLAND, AND FOR TEN YEARS THE ONLY ONE,

AND NEW FARM.

Vol. XXV. BALTIMORE, December 1888. No. 12.

AN OLD SONG.

Oftentimes there come to me
 Scraps of music-memory
 That have slept, alas, how long !
 In the quiet night of song.
 I can mark the measured time.
 I can catch the notes that rhyme,
 Till it seems I almost hear
 Whispered words within my ear ;
 Yet for all I listen so
 To them as they come and go,
 Shreds of only one refrain
 In my memory remain.

Long ago the song was sung,
 Long ago, when I was young,
 And my heart in time would beat
 With the music soft and sweet.
 There was something that would start
 Glad emotions in my heart—
 Something in the words which made
 Joy grow bright and sorrow fade—
 Something in the notes of joy
 Giving courage to the boy
 Long ago ere he began
 Dreaming of the present man.

Never come there scraps but I
 Seem to see her standing by.
 Oh, that all the notes might come
 Back from lips forever dumb,
 So that I might render whole
 This marred music of the soul !
 Oh, that I again might bring
 Back this song she used to sing !
 I should sing it till my eyes
 Through a rift in Paradise
 Caught a vision of her face
 Smiling from her dwelling-place ;
 I should sing it line by line
 Till her lips should answer mine ;
 I should sing it o'er and o'er
 Till I seemed a boy once more—
 Till my dream became in truth
 Her who sang it to my youth !

—Lippincott.

For the Maryland Farmer.

FARMER'S HOMES.

The season of labor on the crops of the
 past year is ended. The income from

them is so far realized that it can be gaged with comparative certainty. It is well to ask now, What is the purpose of my labor? Why have I spent so much time and toil during this past year?

Perhaps I have wanted money to supply the necessities of my life and to supply the absolute needs of my family. But these supplied, what then?

Surely some part of the income of the labor will be left after the bare necessities of my life are supplied. What has been the object of my labor?

Only for happiness. The happiness of myself and of my family. All is centred in this one object: To get the greatest amount of real happiness for our lives.

Any object of labor lower than this is unworthy. It is really a waste of time and a reflection upon our manliness. It is dishonorable to place our object of labor on anything which will conflict with the happiness of home.

Can I realize these facts? Do farmers generally realize these facts? Are they not laboring for much that leads them to forget these things? I have been looking upon my own home, and I have been calling to mind the homes of my neighbors, while writing these words.

My home is comparatively bare of comforts and of those embellishments which make home attractive. It is the same with many of my neighbor's homes.

My barns are quite as comfortable as my own dwelling and its conveniences as fully as many. The pictures which embellish the walls of my barn—chromos of agricultural implements, of fine cattle, of seed houses and farms, of good breeds of poultry—are better than any embellishments on the walls of my own dwelling.

In the past I have surely forgotten that the happiness of my home and those who make up my home life, should be the first and great object of my labor, and that

nothing can excuse me for neglect in this particular.

I here resolve, Mr. Editor, that I will change all this. I will now and in all my life to come have before me this purpose; To add to the comfort and happiness of the lives of my family all that I can add, after supplying the necessary expenditures of the business of my farming.

Home shall be made comfortable; home shall be beautified; my wife shall have her leisure hours; my children shall have seasons of pleasant amusement; I will add to the sources of gratification in the house; I will procure little articles of adornment for the pleasure of my family and to cultivate their taste in higher things than mere toil.

I do not expect to do everything at once; but I have resolved that when any of my family visit city homes, they shall not contrast our bare and scantily furnished rooms, with the well appointed rooms of their city friends, who, they well know, are poor compared with us.

It is this disregard of those things which make up the comfort and happiness of home, I verily believe, which takes our sons and daughters away from the farms. For one, I shall do all I can to remedy this evil, at least on my farm and in my home.

J. S.

THE GREAT QUESTION.

Some have said that on every farm may be found plenty of fertilizer to meet all the necessities of the land; but the great trouble seems to be that the owners of the land have thus far been unable to discover it.

It is a fact that a large quantity of good fertilizing material may be found on most farms, when the farmer sharpens his wits

and directs them to the discovery of every source of fertilization within his reach.

It is bad policy to allow the sources of home fertilizer to be overlooked, while large sums are expended in the purchase of those foreign made. The first duty of every farmer is to study and know the resources of his farm in this particular.

In months gone by some of our contributors have given the great value of forest leaves in the renovation of soil and the production of crops. We can remember when "pine shatters" were considered worthless as a fertilizer, because it was thought they would not pay for the expense of gathering them. Now we have learned that they are the great resource of sweet potato growers on some parts of the eastern shore of Maryland. No fertilizer is better than the forest leaves, and nothing pays better than the time and labor spent in gathering them.

After a rain when the leaves are wet enough to stick together, so that they can easily be handled, is the best time to gather them, and you can never get too many of them.

During the winter your horses, your cattle, your hogs and your poultry will rejoice in them; and no abundance will do aught but add to the enjoyment of your stock.

If you can get enough of these leaves you need pay out money for no other fertilizer; for the best made chemicals can never equal these. The chemist may to all appearance supply every element contained in the leaves, but the leaves have a mechanical influence which the chemist can never supply. Nature works in her own way and her hand has a cunning which we may imitate, but never equal.

This, however, is but one source of fertilizer upon every farm—only one of the neglected sources.

Take a survey of your premises and note down on your memorandum book such

things as these: Fallen trees rotting and mouldering away. Peat in the bogs on the lower field. Swamp muck in that swale of white birches. Black soil along that fence row, so prolific of weeds every year. Waste water in that stream from the barn at each shower. Green brakes clothing the borders of that run.

But why should we continue? Let the farmer commence to write down these things, and he will find them all about him, and he will soon commence to turn his farm into a garden from its own natural resources.

We can remember when one such suggestion as we are giving you here, was worth many times the cost of a year's subscription to our magazine; when a single sentence like the above has saved us enough cash to pay for our paper all our lives. May this be the case with many of our readers this month.

For the Maryland Farmer.

SHEEP.

Several considerations call for the more general raising of sheep by our farmers, who have the facilities for doing so. It is a very common method when writing on this subject to suppose that the farmers are not posted upon the particulars of the profit and loss connected with it.

As a farmer I do not consider it necessary to any more than remind them very briefly of what they already know. I therefore want chiefly to dwell upon the fact that Mutton is fast becoming the great meat food of those who live in our cities.

There is more and more objection to beef, since the prevalence of pleuro-pneumonia, which cannot well be guarded against by citizens. I do not suppose there is actually much danger of diseased cattle being slaughtered and sold; but the

city people cannot be convinced of that.

People also have the idea that the meat of beef cattle, if at all diseased, no matter how it is cooked, will communicate the disease. They also think that when eaten rare, as beef frequently is preferred that way, it is much more dangerous; the germs of disease not being at all destroyed.

A great prejudice exists in our city population against pork. Some of your writers may ridicule this prejudice, and

this future is not far distant. They would use a great deal more of it now than they do, if it was more plentiful.

The income from sheep all farmers know, if they would only consider the matter a little: Meat, wool, hide, tallow, cheap pasture, large fertilization.

The troubles may be tabulated in the same way: Dogs, ticks, washings, shearings, general care.

The troubles, however, are no greater—



I myself sometimes feel like ridiculing it; but it exists all the same. People who do not have to economize closely in their food are particular to leave out pork as often as possible. I don't argue the subject here—only I know it is so.

Few of us farmers realize how often city people turn up their noses and say "measly pork," "trichina," "cholera." We may know that there are small grounds for such actions, but they do it.

They are looking to Mutton as the meat food of the future, and for one I see that

with the exception of the dog trouble—than in the case of any other stock.

Now, Mr. Editor, I think I have given you the most of my ideas on the subject. I "go in" for the more general raising of sheep.

THOMAS JONES.

Anne Arundel Co.

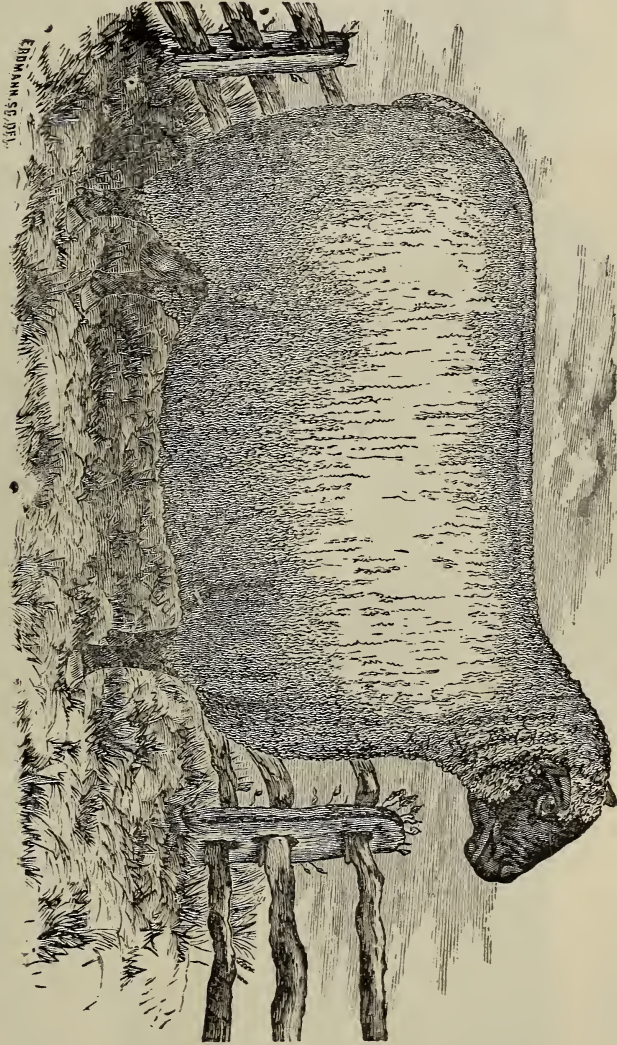
In the management of a farm, as well as with all other pursuits, attending to details has done more to assure success than anything else.

THE CUR PEST.

Constant Folly and Frequent Meanness
of Dog Owners.

Every Southern farmer who has tried to raise sheep in portions of this country

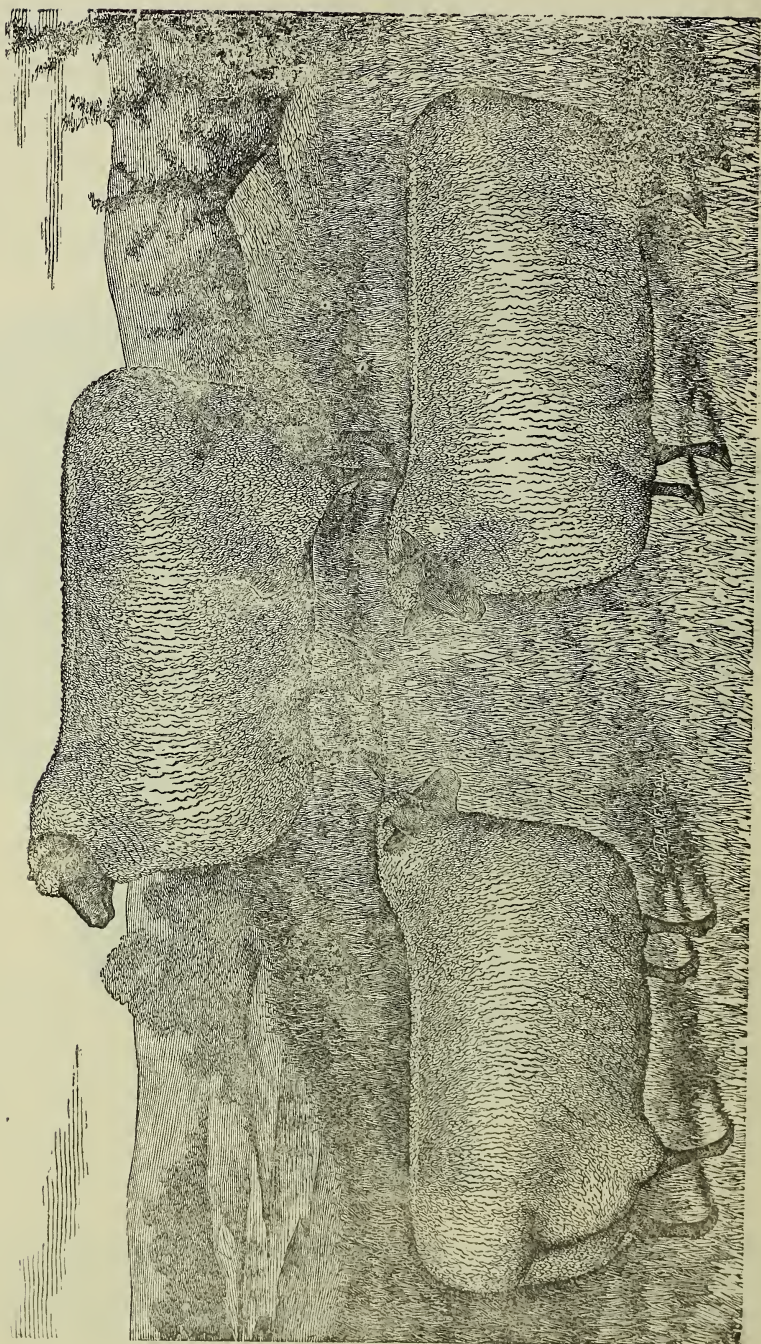
section have just sold out and given up the business in disgust. These men had devoted several years to breeding up and improving their flocks, and they had attained a very high degree of excellence, when just as they were in a condition to



infested by worthless curs will appreciate the following by a correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*:

Two of the leading sheep-breeders in this

realize some of the results of their labor, care and skill, to save themselves they are suddenly forced to sell off their whole flocks, but I'll take that back; I meant

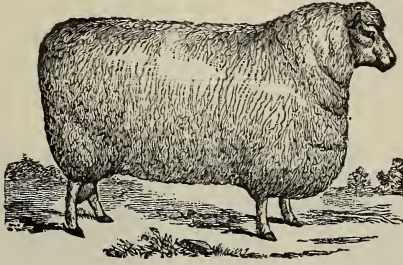


to say the shattered remnants of their flocks. For—tell it not in the wilds of Texas, nor even whisper it in the woods of Maine—vile curs had worried and destroyed the best part of them!

I hate to tell, but it is a fact that even here, in this “great agricultural State of

that amount in the treasury; if not the boy will have to wait until it accumulates.

To an intelligent man it really seems incredible that farmers—men who are engaged in wresting from the soil a bare living—should keep, feed and pay taxes on from one to three despicable curs, which

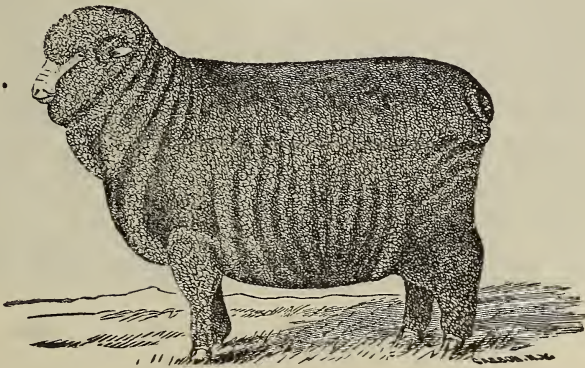


Illinois,” worthless—the word is too mild, but I’ll use it here—curs nightly prowled about the country and destroy valuable, wealth-producing sheep by the hundreds.

In an adjoining township lives a boy, fourteen years old, who by industry and frugality had become the proud owner of

are of no earthly use to them or any one else. They do it, hundreds of them; and I know of no shorter and surer way of getting into a first class fuss than to allow valor to overcome discretion and kick one of these “my dangs!”

Those men who own and maintain these



the finest small stock of sheep in this section. There were eighteen of them, part he had raised and part purchased when lambs from different flocks around. One night this week eleven of them were destroyed by prowling curs. Such occurrences as this make me hot all over. The damage has been assessed at \$50. and it will be paid out of the dog tax, if there is

abominable beasts will use every contemptible subterfuge, and even openly and basely lie, to avoid being assessed for them. The tax is \$1. each, and the fund thus raised goes to pay for the sheep they kill and cripple; and so great has been the damage wrought that some townships will not have funds sufficient to pay off all claims in years.

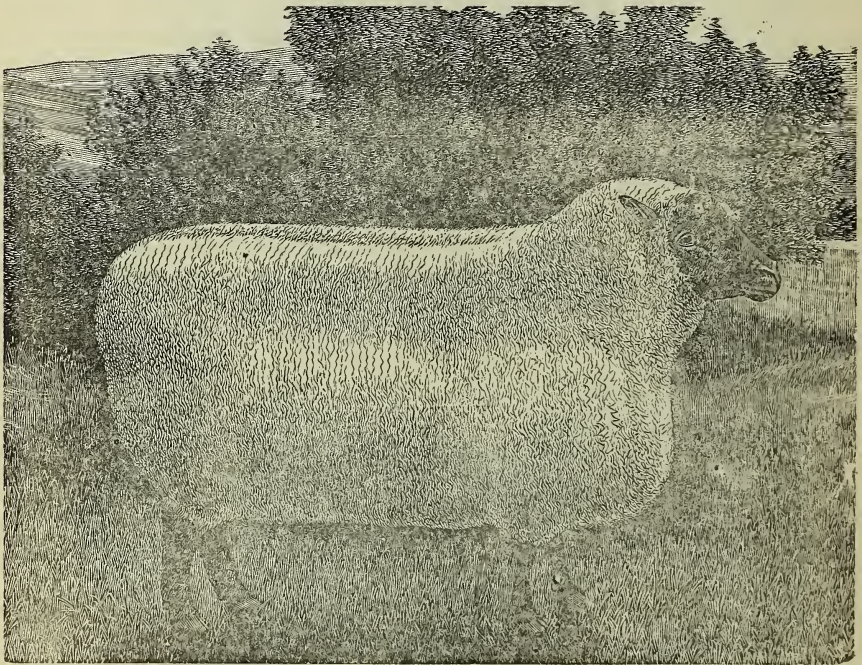
I have been elected assessor of this township twice, and chiefly because I made it a special point to spot every dog and assess it to the man who kept it. I could not be elected again if I wished to be—which I don't. So cordially do some dog owners hate me that they would yell with delight if some dire evil should befall me.

To the sheep men these dog owners say, "We pay the tax on our dogs, and we have a perfect right to keep them. If you don't

induce the dogs at each house to rush out at him, and when ever they did so he fed them some nice little pieces of "peppered" mutton.

In less than a week one would have supposed that a severe type of dog cholera had raged in that locality, so great was the mortality among the curs.

It was rather a tough method of procedure, and had he been discovered it would have gone hard with his person and



want your sheep chewed up take better care of them."

Not a thousand miles from here lives a man who some years ago had a large number of sheep destroyed by dogs, and as the neighborhood swarmed with the vile beasts he knew it would be useless to try to discover the particular ones that did the mischief, so he kept his own counsel and made no mention of his loss to any one.

For several nights he rode about the country using every possible means to

property, but thereafter his flock was unmolested, and increased a pace.

The tax of \$1. levied on dogs has caused considerable acrimony among dog owners, but it has had the effect of largely reducing the number of worthless curs. There are too many of them yet, however, and how to rid the country of them is a problem to be solved.

In addition to the township tax of \$1. there is levied in this village a tax of \$1. on each male, and \$2. on each female. This

has had an excellent effect, and the number of these useless beasts has been reduced from something over 100 to less than 30. If the township tax could be raised to \$5. on females I think the result would be salutary.

Here is a little item for dog fools to consider: In the pursuit of my duties as assessor I called at the house of a colored man, and as he was absent his wife answered my interrogations. In reply to the question whether they kept a dog she said: "No sah! Jim, he says that a dog would eat as much as a pig, an' so we keep de pig instead ob de dog; 'cause you see we kin make po'k outen de pig. Besides a dog ain't no 'count nohow."

A short time ago "Jim he" bought and paid for a house and three lots, while some of his white neighbors who keep one or two dogs are still renting and likely to continue doing so to the end of their days.

POOR FARM AND SHEEP.

A Wisconsin man bought a poor farm. Although the land was naturally of the best of soils, it had become so attenuated in grain raising that it had all but failed to bring forth. He bought, seeded and devoted it to sheep pasturage for five years, and behold a magical change! At that time a portion was hesitatingly disturbed and cropped, and produced most bountifully, although it was the first of the two last dry seasons.

What did his sheep do for him in all this? Well, he bought cheap lands, but through the agency of his sheep, he harvested from those lands each year a bountiful crop of mutton and wool, without teams, plows and harrows to cultivate, or expensive binders to harvest, returned almost element for element to the soil again, and in the meantime almost doubled the value of the land.—*Western Rural*.

For the Maryland Farmer.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY MRS. JOHN GREEN.

John and I have been having some long and interesting talks about the beauties of the country, and we have about made up our minds, that the country that surrounds Pleasantville has especial attractions for all real lovers of nature.

I do think that if any are not in love with old dame nature at this time of the year, they can not have much taste for the fine arts; for this fall has been one of the most brilliant as to the coloring of the forest foliage. Nature has indeed been most lavish in her artistic work. Where is the painter that can touch the leaves with such delicate tints? Look at the great variety of shades from the darkest reds to the very lightest shades of coloring! Here let us stand and enjoy all this glorious display of nature's death-shroud! for is it not the change from life to death?

Dame nature in her gown of changeable hues, is with us now. I have been sitting by my window looking and contemplating upon this great transformation; while I have been waiting for John to come home. The wind, as it whistles through these autumn trees, driving the russet sun-touched leaves to and fro and far from our sight—whither no one knows—has been the cause of my thoughts.

John has come, and I tell him my thoughts. I say to him,

"John, if there is anyone in this world that is not in love with dame nature at this time of the year I feel sorry for that one; for have we not had one of the very finest falls this year for nature to do her picture painting lavishly in? Look at those beautiful and brilliant leaves as they go rustling down to nestle on the loving breast of mother earth."

John interrupts me by saying,

"Why Sallie! why have you been thinking upon these things? It don't seem like you to be talking in this way."

I said, "Oh, well, John, let us go and get our supper now; for I am very hungry having had to wait for you so long."

John says, "So my not coming gave you time for all of those thoughts. Well, we will go for a walk out among the leaves and breezes, if you like, after tea."

I said, "By all means let us go."

So we got ready for our walk, I taking a large basket with me so that I could gather up some of those beautiful tinted leaves.

John says, "Why Sallie, what do you want of so many leaves? What can you do with them?"

I tell him "Christmas is coming and we, living out here in the country, what is more appropriate than to have the house decorated with nature's own handiwork? What need have we with those gaudy chromos of the town? No painter ever traced such delicate lines, or blended such shades, as does this hidden power of nature."

John says, "Why Sallie it is the frost that turns the leaves."

I tell him "Yes, that is the theory, I know; but then here are trees that have changed their dress long before we had any frost." I tell him, "It is some power that is always turning over the pages of the book of nature for our enjoyment and education."

Then we turn toward our home and our conversation turns upon other things. Night is drawing down upon us. John is sitting in his accustomed chair reading the latest papers, while I am placing my leaves in a large book to press them. After they get dry I can make them into different ornaments. I wish I could impress it upon all of the young people of Pleasantville that one of the greatest enjoyments they can ever have, is this studying of the

works of nature. The hours of the night are creeping toward the larger numbers and are calling our tired natures to rest, that we may renew our strength for the morrow's labors.

for the Maryland Farmer.

WORTH READING.

What the farmers most want in their paper is something worth reading. It is not that what they read should agree in all things with their own views.

Oh, no, not at all!

Now, I don't agree with brother Crane, nor with brother Sharpe, nor with you either, brother Walworth.

Some call me a temperance fanatic and some call me a "come-outer," and anyhow I'm a sort of a political heretic.

But it is refreshing to have our good old MARYLAND FARMER not afraid to express an opinion of its own and not afraid to allow any of our strong representative farmers to air their views in it.

We doubled up our forces this year and we expect to keep on doubling them up. I would like to have all our magazines to be strong anti-rum, but that is too much to expect all at once.

If I thought you was a "rummy," perhaps I might kick; but I know different, because of the temperance you have been advocating at our fairs.

Anyhow, you are giving us something to read both from your correspondents and from your own occiput, and something we can think over after we have read it.

This is what we want most of all.

A great variety of opinions from our farmers on all subjects and from all quarters of the country, while you give us your own opinion as a sort of regulator. These make my idea of a well managed paper.

JAS. O. JOSSELYN.

For the Maryland Farmer.

TO BEGINNERS.

BY F. C. GLEASON, WARREN, N. H.

Don't keep too many fowls in a small house. It will pay you to give them plenty of room.

Cull out the poorly marked birds, also those with crooked breasts, backs, wry tails, etc. Make room for the good birds. One good bird is worth a dozen poor ones.

Hens after they are three years old lay less eggs each year; so take them and the culls, put them by themselves, fatten as soon as possible and send to market.

Don't select a cockerel from your own pen to breed from; you may have some nice birds, but in-breeding will soon cause trouble.

Send at once to some reliable breeder who breeds your kind and get a good cockerel. "The best is the cheapest."

Keep your poultry house well white-washed. Sprinkle everything, in and about the poultry house, with air slacked lime once or twice a week. It will prevent disease, banish lice and foul stench.

In front of the window, where the sun shines brightest, build a dust box, about three feet square and eight or ten inches high, which fill with dry road dust, ashes, a little sulphur, and a little Dalmation powder.

Always have before your fowls a plenty of ground oyster shells, old plaster and gravel.

Feed your fowls regularly three times a day, and in cold weather with warm soft feed at least once each day.

Fresh water must not be forgotten as fowls are hard drinkers.

When you have spare time and want to amuse the biddies, go out and pound up all the old beef bones that you can find. They will pay you for it.

Chopped onions, cabbage, and scraps

from the table, they will take care of to your advantage.

Great Offer.

As a premium for one new subscriber, or, for an old subscriber paying a year in advance, we will send "Green's Fruit Grower" one year, and also Green's five books on fruit culture bound in one volume, viz: 1. Apple and Pear Culture, 2. Plum and Cherry Culture, 3. Raspberry and Blackberry Culture, 4. Grape Culture, 5. Strawberry Culture. Show this great offer to your neighbors. Profit by it yourself. Address The Maryland Farmer, Baltimore, Md., enclosing \$1.

GATHERED CRUMBS.

AUTUMN foliage is now at the height of its beauty and brilliancy. A day in the country were better than a week at the office desk.

THE farmer who will hire wicked, foul-mouthed low-bred men to become his children's every-day associates can expect them to grow up with their speech tinged with vulgarity and profanity.

No farmer need sit down and expect some one to furnish him a ready-made system or plan of conducting his farm; he must make it himself—is the opinion of an acute agriculturist.

THE tools and implements of the farm that are now out of use till spring should be inspected, the worn and faded wood-work repainted, and the iron work which is expected to remain bright should be well oiled.

THE farmer should do his own selecting, even if he has to dispose of what he does

not want at less than it is really worth. This is the only way in which to keep the stock improving, and that should always be the object in view.

CATS are found to be the best exterminators of rabbits in New Zealand. They do great havoc among the young ones, and in some sections scarcely a rabbit was to be seen.

If a little clearing, a little ditching, a little enriching, or a little picking up is done each year, the farm will steadily improve. But if the farm suffers a little neglect each year it will soon run down.

MORE and more the conviction is growing in the minds of good farmers that if all the manurial resources of the farm are saved and utilized, commercial fertilizers will be unnecessary. If the efforts of nature to keep the soil fertile, which it makes through the atmospheric influences are intelligently supplemented by human effort, every farm will be sufficient unto itself in fertilizing properties.

HARD, intelligent work, and keeping at it, insures success on the farm, as it does in all life's duties.

It pays to plow deep, harrow thoroughly, sow carefully, till diligently, and harvest at the right time.

No farmer should rest satisfied until he is supplied with the best farm tools and implements he can obtain.

It is almost work thrown away to set trees, shrubs and flowers, and then leave them to take care of themselves.

GOVERNMENT CROP REPORT.

The crop returns show that the present corn crop has been equaled only three times in ten years, and is exceeded only by

that of 1879, when the yield was 28 bushels. There has been no decline in the North-west, and the status of the great corn surplus States. The yield ranging about 26 bushels per acre, making a full average.

The condition of buckwheat is only 79.3, the result of early frosts.

The average condition of the potato crop is about 87.

Tobacco averages for all kinds 88.3.

The returns relative to wheat are those of yield per acre, by counties. As consolidated, the general average for winter wheat is twelve bushels per acre, and for spring wheat slightly over ten bushels. The former has yielded better than the early expectation, the latter much worse. This is of course, in measured bushels.

The quality is much below the average, which will further reduce the surplus, as will be shown more exactly hereafter from testimony of inspection and millers' weights.

The winter wheat averages of States of considerable production are: New York, 14.1; Pennsylvania, 13.7; Maryland, 14.5; Virginia, 8.7; Texas, 11.2; Ohio, 11.2; Tennessee, 6.2; Kentucky, 11.2; Michigan, 14.5; Indiana, 11.3; Illinois, 13; Missouri, 12.6; Kansas, 14.7; California, 12.7; Oregon, 16.3.

The spring wheat of the New England States ranges from 14 to 16 bushels.

SYSTEM ON THE FARM.

In the workshops and factories everything is done systematically. There is a time for beginning work and a time for work to cease, while each and all have certain duties and places allotted to them, which they are supposed to be familiar with, and which enables them to perform the greatest amount of labor in the shortest

time. If machinery is used, the most competent persons are selected to manage it, and all the details are faithfully attended to with a view to lessening expenses and increasing profits.

It is not always that regular hours of labor can be fixed upon. The nature of the work varies with the seasons. No length of time nor certain number of hours of labor can be fixed upon. The farmer is governed by the demands of his crops, the nature of his soil, the weather, the climate and many other considerations. Yet there should be system. As much as possible systematic methods should be pursued. The laborers on the farm should be given the preference, and every facility should be afforded them for performing their work under the most favorable conditions. This will call for careful and judicious management, which means system in every department. If the usual business methods demand system for successful operation, it is much more necessary on a farm where the labor is diversified and spread over a large area.—*Grange Advocate*.

PARIS EXPOSITION—1889.

Agricultural.

A sub-division of the work into various branches has been made, to facilitate the collecting and preparing of material for the exhibit, and special agents have been assigned as follows:

1. Grains—Mr. George William Hill of St. Paul, Minn.

2. Citrous and other Fruits—Mr. H. E. Van Deman, Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C.

3. Cotton and Fibres—Col. Jas. R. Binford of Duck Hill, Mass, and Mr. Charles Richards Dodge of Boston, Mass.

4. Viticulture—Mr. B. F. Clayton of

New York, and Mr. George Husmann of Napa City, Cal.

5. Tobacco and Peanuts—Mr. Alexander Mc Donald of Lynchburg, Va.

6. Agricultural Education and Experiment Stations—Prof. W. O. Atwater of Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C.

7. Vegetables, including Hops and Cranberries—Mr. M. G. Kern of St. Louis, Mo.

8. Entomology, including Apiculture and Silk Culture—Mr. C. V. Riley of Agl. Department, Washington, D. C., Mr. N. W. Mc Lean of Hinsdale, Ill., and Mr. Phillip Walker of Agricultural Department.

9. Forestry—Prof. B. E. Fernow, Agl. Department, and Mr. M. G. Kern of St. Louis, Mo.

10. Sorghum and other Sugar Plants—Prof. H. W. Wiley, Agricultural Department.

11. Grasses and Forage Plants—Dr. George Vasey, Agricultural Department.

12. Meat Products—Dr. D. E. Salmon, Agricultural Department.

In addition to the foregoing divisions of the exhibit the heads of Divisions of the Department of Agriculture have been called upon to make contributions in their several specialties as follows:

Methods of collecting and sending out seeds—Mr. W. M. King.

Mammals and birds injurious or beneficial to agriculture—Dr. C. Hart Merriam.

Illustrations of the principal fungus diseases of agricultural products—Prof. B. T. Galloway.

Illustrations of the methods of discriminating between adulterated and pure food products by microscopic methods—Dr. Thomas Taylor.

General Agricultural Statistics—Mr. J. R. Dodge.

The time remaining, though ample, if

exhibitors are prompt in making their purposes known, is yet so short as to leave little margin for delay.

Materials contributed in bulk will be placed in suitable receptacles for display, at this office, and all exhibits will be transported to Paris, cared for and returned free of cost to the exhibitor.

All materials designed for the Agricultural exhibit must be in Washington not later than the middle of January 1889, and must be carefully addressed to the undersigned and marked, as must all letters, *Paris Exposition*.

C. V. RILEY, Representative.

The Man who Makes the Roads.

In two adjoining districts familiar to me the roads are of just about the same material and grade; one has been in charge of the same man for three years, and has greatly improved in that time, with no increase of tax. He is often over the road, doing a little here and a little there, but very carefully keeping out the water. The other is managed on the usual plan of doing a great deal in Spring or early Summer, and giving little or no attention afterward. The first man seems to think the office an honor, and certainly honors the office by making the roads much better than they ever were before within my recollection. Get such a man in charge of your roads, and keep him there a lifetime if you can.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

ABOUT FIG TREES.

Will fig trees that are planted out in the garden bear better than those that are grown in boxes and wintered in the cellar? How deep should they be planted? And in burying for winter, should they be first

covered with straw, or with earth only.

William Falconer answers the above query in respect to the culture of this delicious fruit in the *American Garden* as follows:

Fig trees planted out bear better than those in boxes and with far less trouble. You are more certain of a crop from young plants that are grown in tubs or boxes than you would be from the same size or aged plants that are planted out, but the out-door plants can become large bushes, hence have more fig-bearing wood than box-grown ones. All the care the out-door fig-trees need is to bend them down and peg them flat to the ground, and bury them about a foot deep with earth in the fall, and unearth them again in the spring. My neighbor, Mr. Barlow, on Long Island, gets enormous crops off his fig-trees treated in this way.

When planting fig-trees, plant as you would any other bush or shrub: shake the earth from the roots and spread them out. There is nothing delicate about the rooting of a fig-tree. It roots easily.

In burying for winter, use earth only. Straw or litter would be cosy winter quarters for field mice, and peeling the fig-trees capital amusement for the mischievous rodents.

SOCIAL ASPECT OF SMALL FARMS.

Socially and morally considered, it is undoubtedly a misfortune to any community where large tracts of land are owned, occupied and absolutely controlled by one man. It isolates the owner and his employees from all neighbors. It naturally compels the herding of a large number of men to the general exclusion of women and of family life. It makes difficult any educational or moral training of the com-

munity, and further, these great farms naturally compel the production of one crop, and that of grain, which continually takes from the soil and returns nothing to it.

It seems only a question of time (and the sooner that comes the better) when these bonanza farms must be divided into a great number of small ones, owned and cultivated by individual farmers and their families, and thereby giving a community of independent citizens, possessed by a spirit of emulation and healthful rivalry.
—*Baltimore Co. Democrat.*

Poultry Show.

Annual Exhibition of the Frederick Poultry Club. Jan. 10-15-1889. Leslie Cramer, Secretary.

DEHORNING CATTLE.

The Wisconsin Experiment Station publishes the following interesting results of its researches:

We have then as the result of dehorning twelve cows: 1st, a slight falling off of the milk yield; 2d, an increase in the fat; and 3d, an increase in the temperature of the animal denoting a slight degree of fever for a few days after the operation. While these results are not conclusive, yet they indicate that dehorning a well-bred, healthy cow is not by any means a serious operation.

If by dehorning we can insure an economy in feed and storage as has been claimed, and if at the same time there is no perceptible falling off in quality and quantity of the milk, then the operation will be one of personal convenience. One thing should, however, be taken into account, and that is the condition of the animal. A cow that is poorly fed, or out of condition

is certainly in no condition to undergo an operation of any sort, nor will there be any benefit derived from it.

Spraying Fruit Trees.

To destroy injurious insects is conceded by all orchardists as necessary to secure perfect fruit. For full directions and outfit for hand or horse power, at bottom cash prices, address Field Force Pump Co., Lockport, N. Y., who have recently issued a very complete treatise on this interesting subject, which they will send free on application.

COLD WEATHER.

Enough care to keep your stock comfortable should be the determination of every farmer. If it is too much trouble to do this, better let your stock go to some one who will take the necessary care. If however you make up your mind to do it, the trouble will be only a trifle.

Plenty of good bedding; a close fitting door; all the chinks where the winter winds find entrance stopped; barn windows protected; water kept above the freezing point; plenty of good food—bran, ensilage and hay; and accompanying these gentle handling and pleasant words.

These are the things which make stock comfortable.

Have you a few hours or a days' spare time occasionally that you would like to turn into money? If so, then write quickly to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and they will give you information that will prove to be money in your pocket.

We are giving our subscribers a choice of many fine premiums. See the list.

WHAT THE COW GIVES US.

American dairy interests are startlingly enormous. The number of milch cows is estimated at 21,000,000. They give an aggregate milk production of 7,350,000,000 gallons, a miniature ocean, a fair sized Niagara. Four thousand millions are used for cheese, and the remaining 2,650,000,000 pass through the adulterating hands of the milkman and grocer, and down the throats of 60,000,000 men and woman and babies in this land of freedom.

The quantity of butter manufactured and used is about 1,350,000,000 pounds, and of cheese 6,500,000 pounds. The value of our dairy products for the last year was nearly \$500,000,000. To support this immense dairy herd 100,000,000 acres of pasture land are required.—*H-F Register*.

Breaking up Sitting Hens.

There have been many suggestions given as to the best mode of breaking up "the sitting hens, in order to compel them to desist from incubation and begin laying again. If a hen begins to sit it is usually when she is in good condition, and as a rule she is fat. If she is prevented from carrying out her intention of sitting, by being broken up, she will lay only a few eggs and begin sitting again. Now we will give an excellent plan which will save time and give more eggs after the hen is broken up. In the first place let her stay on the nest a week, giving her no food the first three days, and only one meal the next two days, and one the next two, which completes the week, but let her have all the water she desires. She will then fall off in flesh, and should be taken from the nest and placed in a lath box, with open sides and open bottom, with no nest or anywhere for her to sit, giving only one meal a day, which should be stale bread

soaked in milk and a little chopped clover. Keep her in the box two or three days, and then let her be placed with the other fowls.

She will then be in good laying condition, not too fat, and will lay on, and not attempt to hatch another brood for quite a length of time.—*Mirror and Farmer*.

Poultry Show.

Annual Exhibition of the Frederick Poultry Club, Jan. 10-15-1889. Leslie Cramer, Secretary.

Baltimore Poultry & Pigeon Club.

Fifth Exhibition, Dec. 12-19 at Fanciers' Hall 708 East Baltimore street. For Premium List write Thomas W. Hooper, Sec'y, 21 South Gay street, Baltimore, Md. These exhibitions have been excellent and should receive a generous patronage. The membership fee, \$1.00 a year, should insure a large income from this source alone.

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WALWORTH & CO.,

Editors and Publishers.

Agriculture, Live Stock and Rural Economy,

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27 EAST PRATT STREET,
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BALTIMORE, December 1888.

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If 5000 are allowed to run over a single number without paying, it is a cost to us of \$500, which we cannot afford to lose. Few of our subscribers take this into consideration. While we like to be as generous as possible, let us have a little justice on both sides.

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SUBSCRIBERS TAKE NOTICE.

A large number of our subscriptions commence annually with the January number.

We have tried our best to have it understood that all who pay before January 1st, will be charged only \$1.00 for the past year, 1888.

If not paid before that date, the cost will be \$1 50 for the past year, 1888.

We hope no one will complain who fails to pay in time.

We do not wish to send the Magazine to anyone who does not desire it.

Notify us to stop and it will be stopped—provided you have paid in full.

Any notice from you or your postmaster, if you have not paid up, is not a lawful notice—money, or stamps, or postal order to pay in full must accompany the notice.

We think every reasonable person must see the justice of this provision of the law.

To avoid the payment of an additional 50 cents on subscription, send in the amount promptly.

The next number will be the last one of this year. We would like to commence our next quarter of a century with all back subscriptions settled.

Reader, can you not help us?

A \$30. Scholarship in the Eaton & Burnett Business College may be had cheap at the Maryland Farmer Office.

THE CLOSE OF VOL. XXV.

The close of our twenty-fifth volume, with the issue of this number, reminds us that we should speak of the past and also of the new volume which will commence the second quarter of a century of the MARYLAND FARMER.

During the past year we cannot find fault with the progress we have made in all the elements of prosperity. Many subscribers have been added to our list, and the words of commendation from all sources have given us abundant encouragement.

Our thanks are due and are heartily accorded to all with whom we have held our monthly intercourse, and who have so kindly stood by us during the past and have intimated their desire to remain with us during the time to come.

We shall do our best to give decided and honest opinions in the future on all subjects connected with agricultural affairs. We shall always look to the interests of farmers in our conduct of this magazine. We have no particular interests to subserve. We are not connected with any fertilizer house, with any implement house, with any nursery or seed establishment, or with any other business which would render our opinions or our labors of little or no value. We are wedded to no party religiously or politically which would interfere with our work to benefit the farming community as a whole. We shall not be influenced by any individual to the injury of our general work, although we shall give to all that courtesy which manhood and womanhood have the right to exact and to expect. We hope to be reasonably independent and not unreasonably so.

With this understanding we ask our readers to give us their aid in the time to come. Send in additional subscribers. Help us in this way to a better and greater work than ever before. Is it too much to

ask, in view of our work and the premiums we offer, for a few thousand additional subscribers with which to commence the 2d quarter of a century. We know we can make it for the interest of the reader to work in our behalf. We ask no one to work for us for nothing; we will pay you largely either in cash or in our advertised premiums. If the reader cannot himself work, cannot some one of his friends be prevailed upon to do so?

We have one of the oldest, most substantial, best known, most influential and handsomest printed agricultural magazines in this country. It should be in every cultivated home where farm interests are appreciated. With your help we can put it there, and all will be benefitted by it.

We place the article from "J. S." as the leading article in this number, in preference to any of our own, because it deals with a subject which is too seldom on the minds of farmers. Let every farmer—let every subscriber—read it; for it has its lesson for every one of us. We sympathize heartily with the "resolve" of the writer, and may it find fruitage in much that is good. Even trying to keep the resolve will bring a blessing.

ORGANIZATION OF FARMERS.

We have all along been hopeful that farmers would eventually become alive to their class interests, and become organized to secure in the best and most speedy manner the recognition of those interests by the country.

We now declare that we are heartily in sympathy with the idea of an organization that will fill our State legislatures, the U. S. Senate and House, and the President's Chair with Farmers.

We do not care in the slightest degree

as to the name of the party under which these stand; we only wish them to be farmers whenever it is possible to have such.

Lawyers have generally had full control of all parts of our Government, from the President to the lowest office in the gift of the people.

We have nothing against lawyers as a class, any more than against any other class.

We would however prevent this absorption of all the interests of our government into the hands of lawyers, when by far the largest class of our people are farmers, and need the farmers to legislate properly for them.

It is sometimes said that the farmers are not competent to make laws. That farmers as a general thing are thick-headed, and are incapable of governing themselves. We are among those who do not believe this.

About as ignorant and besotted a legislator as we have ever met has been nominally called a lawyer; but we hope that class would not be responsible for him or his acts.

So with farmers: Some of them may be but little fitted to become law-makers; yet as well equipped farmers, in intelligence, in progressive thought, in knowledge of the actual needs of the country, can be found as in any other class.

We do not think very much of millionaire farmers, who have no practical knowledge of farm work or of farmer's needs, who place "farmer" after their names in U. S. House or Senate. They may or they may not be efficient workers in our cause.

We do think much of those farmers who are really practical men, who are well fitted for the positions to which they may be chosen; but who would prefer to be at home on their farms, although they would obey the call of duty when elected.

It is because of these views that we sym-

pathize so heartily with any system of organization which will promise to make effective the power of farmers; which will give to them the representation they should enjoy in every State in our union and in the houses of Congress.

As we said before, we care not whether they belong to either of the political parties or to none; we do not want them as party men, we want them as farmers working for the benefit of farmers.

We have our party feelings no doubt; but they do not enter here. They are wholly obliterated in view of the greater good which may be accomplished by electing farmers to legislate in the interest of farmers.

If farmers would have their burdens lessened; if they would throw off the unnecessary burdens of State and general Government taxation; if they would become on a level with all other classes of our countrymen, when seeking government aid and recognition, let them organize—let all the present diverse organizations be united and let them all pull together for the good of the class.

It may be said that this is not the best principle of action; but we believe it is the best which can be made practical in the present condition of the world. When we get to heaven perhaps we may find better ones; but this life is fearfully real and we must not put up with theories and dreams, when we are working for intensely practical results.

For the Maryland Farmer.

FARM GARDENING, No. 3.

BY FRANCIS SANDERSON.

SWEET CORN AND STRAWBERRIES.

Two of the best paying and most easily handled crops are sweet corn and strawberries. The one being ripe and sold off by July, and the other coming in during

the latter part of summer and lasting into the fall.

How we manage these crops I will briefly explain; and, by the way, it has taken some years of study and some days of trial to learn how to do it, and yet we find every year something that we can improve upon. We may be ever learning if we but keep our eyes open, and do not think we know it all!

The great requirements for these crops are rich ground—free from weed seeds—and deep and thorough pulverization of the soil. To have such a soil, we choose a piece of clover sod and plow it down deeply in the Fall with a good two horse team. During the winter the manure is hauled and piled. It should be good, strong and rich manure, and if not strong enough we put 500 pounds of bone dust, spread in layers through 10 three horse wagon loads of manure. This is enough for one acre of ground.

As early in the spring as we can work the soil, the ground is thoroughly harrowed, and rolled, and made very fine. It is then laid off the long way, in rows four feet apart. The manure is spread evenly in these rows, one large fork full of manure spreading three feet of row. When the manure is all spread, these rows are then covered with a one-horse plow going on each side of the row making a slight ridge. With a small, light, one-horse harrow, we run over the top of these ridges. This levels them down nicely and removes stones and rubbish.

This harrow is a very valuable implement for nice work upon farm or garden. Mine is made from the steel teeth belonging to an old horse rake. It is made exactly the shape of a cultivator with handles—only larger.

The ground is now ready for planting—and we plant the strawberry plants on

these ridges, the plants 20 inches apart in the row. The plants are trimmed of a portion of their leaves and one third of their roots, and the roots are then dipped in a thin mortar of cow manure, which causes them to strike root and grow rapidly. With us this planting is generally finished by the 10th of April.

From the 10th to the 15th of May we plant Stowell's Evergreen Corn in among the strawberries on these same ridges, 30 inches apart in the row.

We thus have two crops growing on the same ground. Four cultivations by horse and two hand workings will be all that is necessary to keep the plants growing and the soil free from weeds.

When the corn is in proper condition it is cut and sent to market. The past season we received \$16.00 per ton for the ears delivered at the canning house—an acre yielding one and a half tons, or \$15.00.—The fodder was fed to pigs in the green state and we considered it worth \$5.00 per acre. The sweet corn crop was low as to price and the cold dry weather interfered very much with its growth this year. The corn, however, will pay all the expenses of planting and working the two crops.

Before winter sets in, we cover the strawberry rows with one inch of fine well-rotted horse manure placed evenly over the beds. Early the next season we run through the rows with a cultivator several times and remove all weeds from the rows. At the last working we spread clean straw between the rows two inches thick. This mulching keeps the berries clean, and holds the moisture, so essential if we desire large, fine berries.

Last season from an acre grown thus of the Sharpless variety we sold 4160 quarts for \$236.50, and used ourselves several hundred quarts. For some we received 8 cents a quart, and for some less than 5 cents. We paid 1½ cents for picking.—

We also sold 8000 plants for setting out at \$3.50 per thousand.

For the one acre cultivated thus in the two years, we received \$284.50. Paid for cultivation, picking, manures, and use of land \$116.00; or \$168.50 profit for two years' use of one acre of land.

This is a small yield as this variety has been known to yield 8000 quarts per acre. In some sections where competition is not so great as with us much better prices can be had.

A Sheep breeder in Byers, Colo., has Southdown lambs, not more than six months old, that weigh 140 pounds each. They were brought from Canada, and it has been estimated that they will clip 12 pounds of wool, at least, by the time they are fourteen months old.

The Foss Mfg. Co., of Springfield, O., makers of the "Scientific," Mills of world-wide reputation as the "Best Mills On Earth," have just been awarded, at the Centennial Exposition at Cincinnati, the highest and only medal for the Best Grinding Mill over all competition.

For the Maryland Farmer.

POTATOES.

Fifty years ago what is now called the potato rot or blight had never been known. The varieties generally cultivated in the United States at that time were the Mercer, the Peach Blow and the Blue Skin. A few other kinds were planted in a small way, but the above three were planted for a main crop.

The Mercer was the main kind for an early crop and was considered the par excellence of potatoes. And well did they deserve the name, as no other variety

introduced since, not even excepting the Early Rose, has ever filled their place either for productiveness or fine table qualities. But now there is not one to be found in this country. After long years of culture they were the first to succumb to the potato blight.

The Peach Blow and Blue Skin were good and productive sorts and mostly planted for late crops. Many new sorts have been brought out since with varied success, but were mostly discarded after one or two years' trial.

Finally the Early Rose made its advent. This valuable potato has proven a great blessing not only to the United States, but also to other countries, and had it not been for the introduction of the Early Rose thousands of people in the world would have suffered for the want of potatoes to eat. It is the only one out of many hundreds since tried that filled the place of the Blue Mercer of fifty years ago.

After many years of successful cultivation this too has nearly run its course; and in many localities has so much degenerated that potato growers have almost abandoned it and are looking for something to fill its place for a main crop potato.

Hundreds of new sorts have been tried with high sounding names and great praise by their introducers, but none have ever yet been found that could compete with the Mercer of fifty years ago or the Early Rose of more recent date.

It has been our aim and greatest desire for the last fifteen years to discover a potato that would take the place of and be as good and productive as these two well known sorts, the only real valuable and good kinds that we have known in our forty years' farming; and with this object in view we have tried about all we have ever heard of, besides raising many new seedlings ourselves. Some few have proven excellent and valuable, but nearly

99 out of every 100 have been of little account, as a reliable main crop potato.

After so many years testing, with much labor and expense, we have been rewarded by discovering a variety which, after three years thorough trial by ourselves and others in various sections of the United States and Canada, we think fully equal to the old Blue Mercer or Early Rose.

Boley's Northern Spy originated with Mr. John Boley, State of New York, who claimed such unusual merits for his new potato that we were induced to give it a trial. The first year convinced us that it was a wonderful potato and we at once began negotiations for the control of his whole crop, which unfortunately was quite small. After another year's trial we were fully convinced that we had found a treasure we had long been looking for and began sending them out in small quantities to different sections of the country to find out if they would do for others as well as they did for us.

From over 300 trials we have received the most satisfactory and convincing reports without one exception. The yield computed by the acre ranges from six to eight hundred bushels, one or two persons claiming one thousand; and all were ready to assert that the Northern Spy is fully equal to the Rose in attractive appearance and fine table qualities.

Our supply of this splendid new potato is still quite limited, but we intend to distribute them as widely as possible that others may receive the benefit of what we claim to be the best and most productive potato that has been discovered since the advent of the Early Rose.

SAMUEL WILSON.

Mechanicsville, Pa.

We are giving our subscribers a choice of many fine premiums. See the list.

BUTTER MAKING IN ONTARIO.

A recent bulletin, issued by the Ontario (Canada) Department of Agriculture offers the following suggestions to those farmers who wish to excel in producing choice butter:

1. See that the cows have an abundant supply of good wholesome feed. Supplement the grass with bran or grain. Corn and peas make firm butter. If the grass be dry or scarce, furnish green fodder. The quality of the feed determines to some extent the quality of the fat globules in the milk. Fine butter is mostly composed of these. Green fodder is fed with better effect on the quality of the butter after being wilted for a day or two.

2. See that the cows have a liberal supply of pure cold water. As well might a cook expect to make good palatable porridge out of musty oatmeal and stagnant water as to get pure, sweet flavored, wholesome milk out of the musty feed and foul drink consumed by a cow.

3. See that the cows have access to salt every day. They know best when to help themselves.

4. Let the cows be saved from annoyance and worry. Any harsh treatment that excites a cow lessens the quantity and injures the quality of her yield.

5. When practicable, let the cows be milked regularly as to time and by the same person.

6. The udders should be well brushed and then rubbed with a damp, coarse towel before milking.

7. All milk should be carefully strained immediately after the milking is completed.

8. Thorough airing of the milk for a few minutes by dipping, pouring or stirring will improve the flavor of the butter.

9. When set for the rising of the cream,

milk should be at a temperature above 90° F. (?)

10. When shallow, open pans are used for setting, it is most important that the surrounding air be pure. A damp cellar is not a fit place for milk.

11. When deep-setting pails are used, the water in the tank should be kept below or as near 45° F. as possible.

12. The skimming should not be delayed longer than twenty-four hours.

13. Cream should invariably be removed from the milk before it is sour.

14. The cream for each churning should all be gathered into one vessel, and kept cool and sweet. A good practice is to mix twenty-five per cent. of pure water with the cream.

15. The whole of it should be well stirred every time fresh cream is added, and half a dozen times a day besides.

16. Two days before the churning is to be done about one quart of cream to every four pailfuls to be churned (or equal to two per cent.) should be set apart, and kept as warm as 70° F.

17. One day before the churning that small quantity of cream (a fermentation starter, which will then be sour) should be added to that which is intended for churning, and well mixed therewith.

18. It should afterwards be kept at a temperature of 60° F.

19. During summer the best churning temperature is 57° or 58°. During the fall and winter 63° to 64° are found to be preferable.

20. The agitation of churnings should be kept up till the butter comes into particles rather larger than clover seed.

21. The buttermilk should then be drawn off and pure water at 55° added in its place.

22. By churning this for a minute or two the butter will be washed free from milk while still in a granular state.

23. The milky water may then be drawn

and replaced by weak brine at the same temperature.

24. After a minute's churning the butter may be removed from churn and pressed for salting.

25. Pure salt of medium fineness and with a body velvety to the touch should be used.

26. Three-fourths of an ounce to the pound will be the right quantity for most markets and judges.

27. The butter should be kept cool during the working, and also during the few hours while it may be left for the salt to thoroughly dissolve.

28. As soon as the salt is thoroughly dissolved, the butter may be worked the second time to correct any streakiness which the first mixing of salt may have caused.

29. It should then be put up neatly and tastefully, with as little crimping and beautifying as feminine fondness for these will permit.

CONDITIONS OF KEEPING APPLES.

Dr. Hoskins states the following principles upon which all rules must be based:

1. As soon as the seeds of an apple are colored the fruit has reached a point where it will begin to lose its firmness upon which keeping depends by longer exposure to the sun and the elements.

2. Apples do not sweat, the skin of a sound apple being made water-tight.

3. Mere dampness of itself does not have any tendency to cause a sound apple to decay.

4. A sound apple will not freeze at a temperature of 30°, or even 28°.

5. Ventilation by through draft is injurious, and all ventilation is injurious that causes any considerable alterations of temperature.

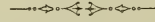
6. Apples to be kept and shipped should

be handled but twice—when taken from the tree and in packing—and these operations should be as nearly consecutive as possible.

7. A cellar for the storage of apples for late sales or shipment ought not to be under a dwelling house.

We can subscribe to all the above rules

except the last, which we would qualify by saying unless the temperature of the cellar can be reduced to near the freezing point and there maintained. The only possible danger that could arise from a house cellar would be a warmer temperature than would be desirable for the fruit.



THE MOUSMOUND.

FOGY'S REFORM.

BY C. L. H.

Said farmer Foggy, " 'Tain't no use
Ter talk to me about yer fair.
I've got no stuff that's fit ter take,
Besides, I've got no time ter spare.
I've never wasted half a day
At such a place since I was born.
This trottin' 'round to county fairs
Won't plow the field nor husk the corn."

Then farmer Enterprise replied :
"Last week I sold a two-year-old—
The poorest of my herd at that—
For eighty dollars, all in gold.
The thought of raising fancy stock
Was far from me, till, at the fair,
I heard the matter well discussed
By many different breeders there.

You know, my farming implements
I sold, a year ago, to you.
You thought me very foolish then
To sell the old and purchase new.
But I have found a better kind
When at the fair—had seen it tried—
And knew 't would pay to get the new
E'en though I threw the old aside.

"With half an eye a man can see
What these new implements have done ;
I always used to hire two men—
This year I've had to hire but one.
The better work the better crops,
The great improvements everywhere,
Convince me that I've well been paid
For all my time spent at the fair."

Then farmer Foggy went his way,
But something in his neighbor's tones,
Or in his words, had stirred him up
Quite to the marrow of his bones.
And farmer F. has, since that day,
Attended every county fair,
And, strange to say, goes loaded, too,
And of the prizes wins his share.

A WOMAN'S ADVICE.

The work of the farm-house was over for the day ; the children—with the exception of the oldest son, who had gone to the village—were in bed, and in the big, comfortable kitchen Farmer Harewood, his wife and his wife's sister, Mrs. Lucas, were sitting around a centre-table. The farmer was reading an agricultural paper, his wife was putting a patch on the knee of little Harry's diminutive knickerbockers, and Mrs. Lucas was crocheting a hood of blue and white zephyr for a small niece.

There was silence in the kitchen save for the snapping of the fire in the stove, the ticking of the big eight-day clock in the corner, and the rustle of the farmer's newspaper, and when Mrs. Harewood sighed deeply, both her sister and husband looked up in surprise.

"What's the matter, Sarah?" asked the latter. "That sigh was the loudest I ever

heard you give. Has anything gone wrong? You look as if you had a big load on your mind."

"I have," answered his wife. "And it is a load which you must share, Eli, I have borne it alone as long as I can bear it. There is great trouble in store for us, husband—George is going to leave the farm."

The newspaper fell to the floor, and for a moment the farmer looked at his wife, too much surprised to utter a word.

"Going to leave the farm!" he repeated at last. "Sarah, you must be dreaming."

Mrs. Harewood shook her head sadly.

"I wish I were," she said. "No, Eli, it is true. George has made up his mind to leave us. I have noticed for months past that he seemed dissatisfied and restless, and since you sold Vixen he has grumbled a great deal about the work, and the dullness of his life. And to-day I heard him say to Jasper Flint that he would not be here a month from now; that he had had enough of farm life, and intended to leave; and if we refused our consent to it he would run away, and take his chances."

"We'll see about that," said the farmer, angrily. "Consent to it! I rather think not! I won't consider it for a moment. What would he be worth a year from now if I let him go? He'd fall in with all sorts of rascals in the city, and get us all into trouble. Besides, I need him here. It'll be ten years, at least, before Harry can take his place, and he's got to stay, if I have to tie him down."

"Why don't you make him want to stay, Eli?" asked the gentle voice of his sister-in-law.

"If he's got the city fever on him all the talking in the world wouldn't do any good," rejoined the farmer. "He wouldn't listen to a word."

"Don't talk. Don't let him ever suspect that you are aware of his desire to leave

you. Try a new plan, Eli, a plan I have been thinking of all day."

"The best plan I know of is to tell him my mind freely, without any beating about the bush; and the sooner it's done the better."

"Now, Eli, don't be above taking a woman's advice. Let me tell you how to deal with George. I have been here three months now, and have taken a deep interest in the boy. I have seen his dissatisfaction, and recognized the cause. I have overheard him talking to Jasper Flint more than once, and only yesterday I heard him say that if he went to the city what he earned would be his own, but that here he worked from dawn to dark, and was no better off at the end of the year than at the beginning. He said that Tom Blythe, who is in a grocery store in the city gets twelve dollars a week, and Tom is only seventeen. Now, if you want George to stay on the farm, give him an interest in it, Eli. He is eighteen years old, and has worked faithfully for you ever since he could talk plain. He has had his food and lodging, and two suits of clothes a year, to be sure, but all he actually owns is that colly dog which is always at his heels. You even sold the only horse you had that was fit for the saddle. And George was extraordinarily fond of Vixen."

"It seemed a pity to keep a horse that no one but George ever rode," said the farmer, "and she was too light for work. I'm a poor man, Hester, and can't afford playthings for my children."

"You can better afford to keep an extra horse than to have your son leave you, Eli. Whom could you get who would take the interest in the work that George does? You have thought it only right that George should do his share toward running the farm, and have considered your duty done in giving him a home. You are disposed to think him ungrateful because he wants

to leave you now that every year makes his service more valuable. But the boy is ambitious, and is not satisfied to travel in a circle. He wants to make some head-way. And it is only natural."

The farmer leaned his head on his hand, a look of deep thought on his grave weather-beaten face. His gentle sister-in-law's plain speaking had given rise to thoughts which had never before entered his mind.

"I believe you're mor'n half right, Hester," he said at last. "I'll think it all over to-night, and make up my mind what to do. I'd be lost here without George, and he shan' leave the farm if I can help it."

"Force won't keep him, Eli, remember that," and Mrs Lucas feeling that she had said enough, folded up her work, and taking up a lamp from a shelf by the stove, went up stairs to her own room.

Just at day-break she was roused from a sound sleep by the sound of horse's hoofs in the yard, and looking out of the window she saw Eli trotting away on old Roan.

"Where can he be going at this hour?" she thought.

When she went down stairs at six o'clock, George was standing by the kitchen table, having just come in with two full pails of milk. His face wore a discontented, unhappy look, and he merely nodded in return for his aunt's cheery "Good morning."

A few moments later his father entered, but George, who had gone to one of the windows, and was looking out dejectedly, did not even glance up.

"You were out early, Eli," said Mrs. Lucas. "I heard you ride away at day-break."

"Yes, I went to Pine Ridge on a matter of business."

"That's where you sold Vixen, papa, isn't it?" asked little Harry, and Mrs.

Lucas saw a quiver pass over George's face as the child spoke.

"Yes, my boy, I sold Vixen to Lawyer Stanley. George," turning to his son, "I've made up my mind to part with that fifty-acre lot by the river. What do you think of that?"

"Of course you are to get a good price for it, sir," said the young man indifferently. "It's the best piece of land you have."

"But I haven't sold it. I am going to give it away."

"Give it away!" repeated George, roused out of his indifference, and staring at his father as if he thought he had not heard aright.

"Yes, deed it over, every inch of it, to some one I think a great deal of, and who deserves it," laying his hand on his son's shoulder, and his voice breaking a little. "I am going to give it to my son, George Harewood, to have and to hold, as he sees fit, without question or advice."

"To me! You intend to give that fifty acres to me, father?"

"Yes, my boy, and with my whole heart. You've been a good son, George, and I only wish I were able to do more for you. But I'm not a rich man, as you know, and I have your mother and the three little ones to provide for, too. Still, I want you to have a start, and this fifty acre lot will yield you a handsome profit. You can have three days in the week to call your own, and that will give you a chance to work it, and if you choose to break in that pair of young oxen I bought the other day from Bagley, you can have them for your trouble."

"This—this seems too much, sir," stammered George. "I don't know how to thank you."

"Too much! Then I don't know what you'll say to this," and the farmer took his son by the arm and led him out on the

porch. "There's another present for you, my boy."

"Vixen!" The word came from George's lips with a long sigh of joy, and with one bound he was at the side of the little black mare he had never thought to see again, and had both arms about her neck. "Oh, father, I'd rather have Vixen than anything else in this world!"

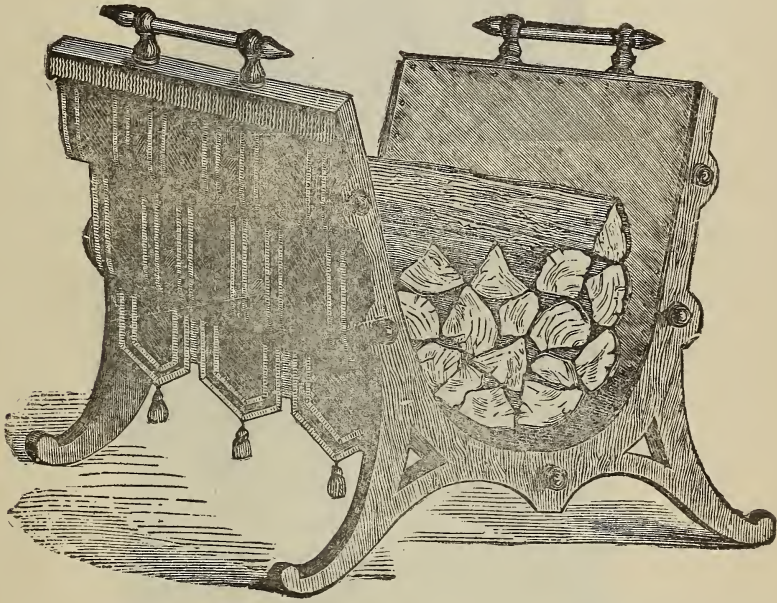
And he buried his face in the pretty creature's mane, and in spite of his eighteen years, fairly broke down, and sobbed aloud.

That ended George's desire to leave the

farm. He was never again heard to mention the subject, and he grumbled no more about the hard work, and the monotony of his life, but in every way tried to show his appreciation of his father's kindness.

In fact, Eli Harewood was wont to say occasionally in confidence to his wife, that he had reason to bless his sister-in-law for her good advice, and that he owed it to her that he had a stalwart arm to lean on in his advancing years.

But George never knew to what he owed the change in his fortunes.—*Standard.*



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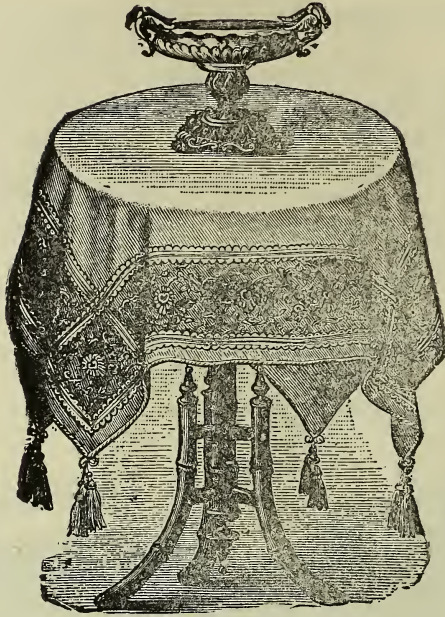
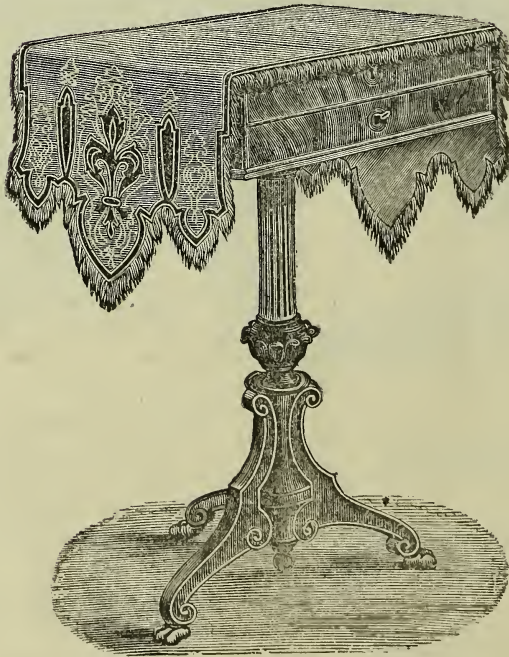
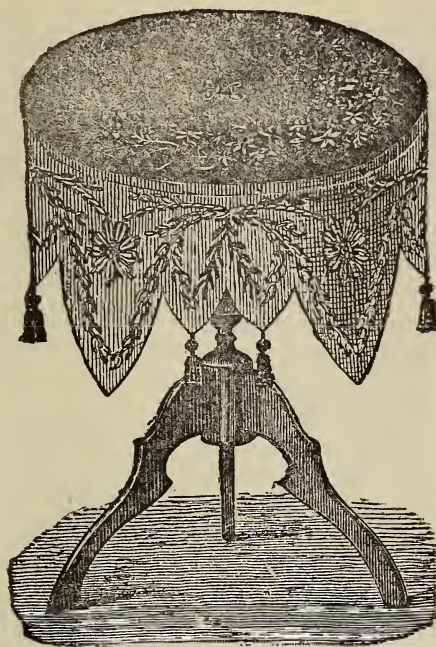


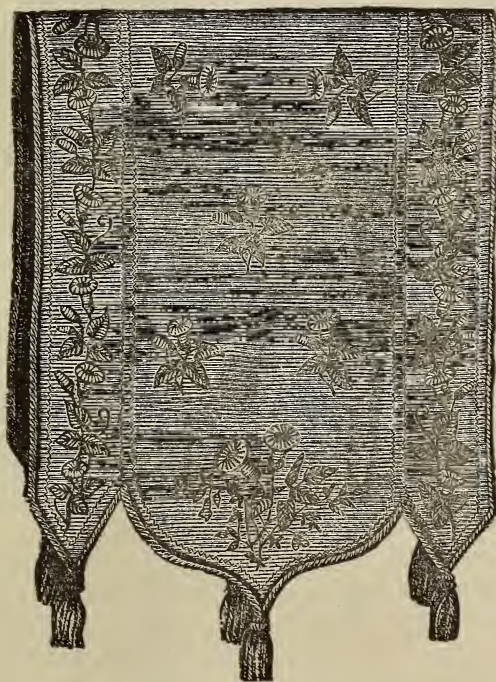
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COVER FOR STAND.



A FANCY STAND.



A TABLE SCARF.

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